

# Saturday Looks Good To Me, Girl Of Mine

I&#039;m standing in a line  
I been trying to find that girl of mine  
I&#039;m crying all the time  
I been trying to find that girl of mine  
But you&#039;re still at the bar  
Handing out those photocopied pictures of your heart  
And as cute as they are  
They can&#039;t conceal your automatic eyes  
With the mercury inside  
I&#039;m stranded here all night  
I been trying to find that girl of mine  
I&#039;m picking dandelions  
I been trying to find that girl of mine  
I&#039;m crying every night  
Because of that girl of mine  
I threw away all of my valentines  
But you&#039;re still at the bar  
Handing out those photocopied x-rays of your heart  
But as fine as they are  
They never hide your carbon copy eyes  
With the wrecking ball inside.